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her eyes were lifted towards the heavens, and the pale moon shed its beams on her subdued and ghastly features; she was dressed in full white, and presented a fearful semblance of her former self. Mr. Bently started; but, checking himself, he came forward, took her passive hand, and spoke to her in the mildest accents of consolation. Made for the first time sensible of his presence, she convulsively returned the pressure of his hand. "I knew," she said, in a husky and hurried tone, "that it is long since over; but tell me, tell me, where you have laid him.—He perished, I know, upon the scaffold! In my dreams I beheld him there." "He did," interrupted Mr. Bently, mildly; "but he died a christian, and perfectly resigned; I was with him in his last moments, and attended his remains back to his native place. He rests in the village church-yard, interred in the grave of his forefathers."

Isabella clasped her hands, and, raising her eyes to heaven, remained for a few moments lost in prayer. Then rising with difficulty, and resting on the arm of Mr. Bently, "lead me," she said, "to the place: there is no longer any sin in the request." Mr. Bently, perceiving her weakness, strove to dissuade her from the rash attempt of exposing her feeble form to the night air; but finding her resolute, he forbore to irritate her by further expostulation. "Let us go," she said, "the pale moon invites us; the moon is a friend to the unhappy; and never more may the returning sun afflict me, by the bright contrast he presents to the darkness that I find within." Mr. Bently guided her from the room; and, unperceived, they left the house together. The church-yard was partially concealed by a few scattered trees, which waved their dark branches o'er the silvered graves. Beneath the gloom of these Mr. Bently led the childless mourner: they paused at the foot of a sod, the dark outlines of which seemed to reveal the human form. Isabella, with her eyes resting on the spot, stood a few moments in silence. But nature was still strong within her; and overcome by one last human impulse, she threw herself upon the turf,—extended her feeble arms to clasp it—and, in the effort, expired!

B. G.

THE SONG OF LOVE.

In sunny days, when Love was young,
Sweet tales he told, sweet songs he sung;
O'er hills and dales his echoes rung,—
All listen'd to his melody.

He told a thousand pleasing things;
Sung sweeter far than syren sings;
The hours flew on their golden wings;
Hope fill'd each soul with extacy.

To taste the joys Love could impart,
All listen'd to his winning art;
He stole applause from every heart,
For every heart glow'd sympathy.

Love, like a dream, the hours beguil'd,
While Beauty, Nature's darling child,
Stood list'ning, look'd on all, and smil'd,
Pleas'd with the gay variety.

M.